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# JIM BLUDSO

*OF THE PRAIRIE BELLE,*

AND

## LITTLE BREECHES.

BY JOHN HAY.



BOSTON:  
JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO.

*In Press.*

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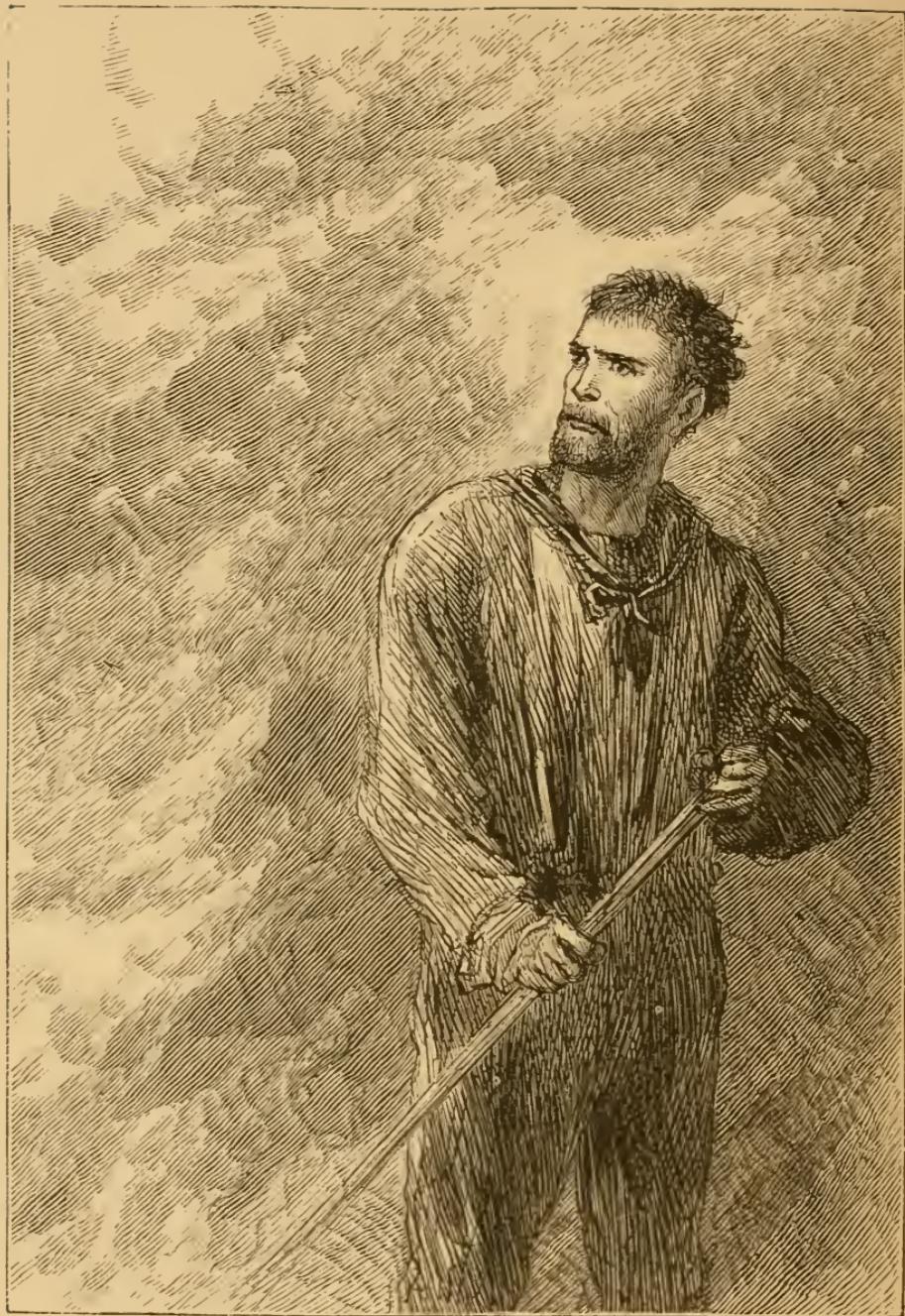
CASTILIAN DAYS.

BY JOHN HAY.

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JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co., PUBLISHERS.





I'LL HOLD HER NOZZLE AGIN THE BANK.

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# JIM BLUDSO OF THE PRAIRIE BELLE, AND LITTLE BREECHES.

By JOHN HAY.  
II

*WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY S. EYTINGE, JR.*



BOSTON :  
JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY,  
LATE TICKNOR & FIELDS, AND FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.

1871.

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## PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

THE illustrations which accompany this edition of these popular ballads have been made under the author's eye, and have received his approval.



## JIM BLUDSO,

OF THE PRAIRIE BELLE.



WALL, no! I can't tell whar he lives,

Becase he don't live, you see ;

Leastways, he 's got out of the habit

Of livin' like you and me.

Whar have you been for the last three year

That you have n't heard folks tell

How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks

The night of the Prairie Belle?



I CAN'T TELL WHAR HE LIVES.

## *Jim Bludso.*

He were n't no saint,— them engineers  
Is all pretty much alike,—  
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill  
And another one here, in Pike ;  
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,  
And an awkward hand in a row,—  
But he never flunked, and he never lied,—  
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had,—  
To treat his engine well ;  
Never be passed on the river ;  
To mind the pilot's bell ;  
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire,—  
A thousand times he swore  
He 'd hold her nozzle agin the bank  
Till the last soul got ashore.



HE WERE N'T NO SAINT.





I NEVER AIN'T HAD NO SHOW.

## LITTLE BREECHES.

---

I DON'T go much on religion,  
I never ain't had no show ;  
But I 've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,  
On the handful o' things I know.  
I don't pan out on the prophets  
And free-will, and that sort of thing, —  
But I b'lieve in God and the angels,  
Ever sence one night last spring.

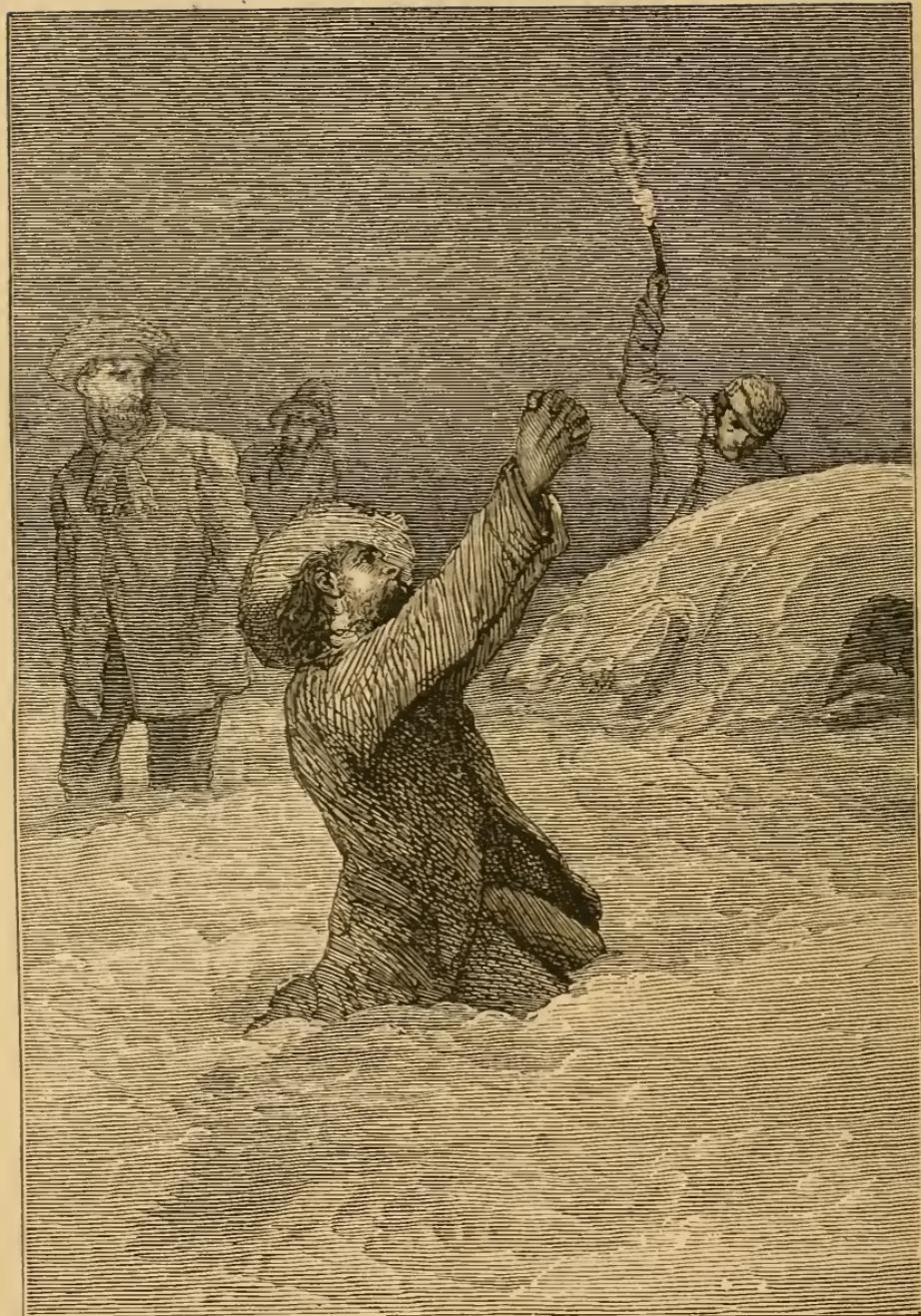


I HEARD ONE LITTLE SQUALL.

### *Little Breeches.*

I come into town with some turnips,  
And my little Gabe come along,—  
No four-year-old in the county  
Could beat him for pretty and strong,  
Peart and chipper and sassy,  
Always ready to swear and fight,—  
And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker  
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket  
As I passéd by Taggart's store ;  
I went in for a jug of molasses  
And left the team at the door.  
They scared at something and started,—  
I heard one little squall,  
And hell-to-split over the prairie  
Went team, Little Breeches and all.



I JEST FLOPPED DOWN ON MY MARROW-BONES.

## *Little Breeches.*

Hell-to-split over the prairie!

I was almost froze with skeer;  
But we rousted up some torches,  
And searched for 'em far and near,  
At last we struck hosses and wagon,  
Snowed under a soft white mound,  
Upsot, dead beat,—but of little Gabe  
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me,  
Of my fellow-critter's aid,—  
I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,  
Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.

By this, the torches was played out,  
And me and Isrul Parr  
Went off for some wood to a sheepfold  
That he said was somewhar thar.



AND THAR SOT LITTLE BREECHES AND CHIRPED.

### *Little Breeches.*

We found it at last, and a little shed  
Where they shut up the lambs at night.  
We looked in and seen them huddled thar,  
So warm and sleepy and white ;  
And THAR sot Little Breeches and chirped,  
As peart as ever you see,  
“I want a chaw of terbacker,  
And that ‘s what ‘s the matter of me.”

How did he git thar? Angels.

He could never have walked in that storm.  
They jest scooped down and toted him  
To whar it was safe and warm.  
And I think that saving a little child,  
And bringing him to his own,  
Is a derned sight better business  
Than loafing around The Throne.



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